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# SPUN YARNS

FROM THE

## FULL REEL

OF

### DANIEL SULLIVAN,

Ex-Liar Laureate to his Highness, the  
Late Baron Munchausen.

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A Record of Wonderful Things,  
By a Listener.

Dennis Joseph McCarthy

*"They were so queer, so very queer,  
I laughed as I would die."*

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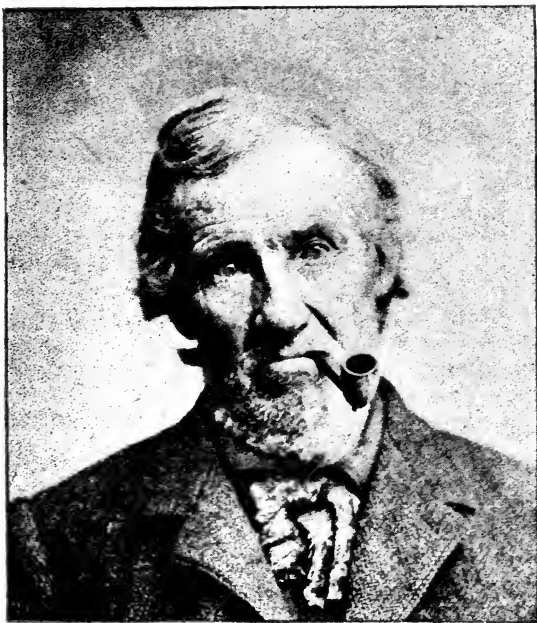
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THIS little book goes out to you, gentle reader, as its own introduction and justification. If it be lucky enough to please you, well and good. If it be so unfortunate as to fail of amusement, let this thought console you: In its purchase you have doubtless done some good. And for your lack of amusement, blame only him who tried with feeble pen to reproduce an original in whom is so much of the quaint and peculiar that even the mimic's tongue must own defeat.

THE LISTENER.

Dennis Joseph McCarthy



"THE REELER."

## THE STORY OF THE IRISH TAILOR.

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"By Gar, ye can't bate th' Irish. Th' littlest av 'em iss a match fur any other. I knew a little tailor in th' ould counthry—'d I ever tell you th' shtory av th' Irish tailor?"

The old man, I will call him "the Reeler," had dropped in on me, and as was his wont soon began to talk of his boyhood home and her people. I saw in his remark the promise of a story, so I told him I had never heard of this tailor, but I hitched my chair a little nearer and listened.

"Wael," he began, "this tailor wass th' sun av a rich gintleman in th' wesht av Irelan'. 'E wass a bright, shmart b'y, but some devil got in 'him, 'cause 'e shtop growin' phwin 'e wass nine year. Phwin 'e wass fourteen 'iss father say to 'im wan day, 'Janny,' 'e say, 'phwat th' devil's th' matter wi' yu? Phy don't yu grow? You're fit fur nathin' but a tailor.' 'All right, father,' say Janny, 'I'll be a tailor.' So 'e take 'iss share av th' shildern's muneey an' 'e travil all over Irelan' lookin' for a shop, but 'e didn't fin' wan to shuit 'im. An' 'e can't fin' only wan in Lun-

dun. 'E hire out there an' work three year fur 'iss masther. An' 'cause 'e wass so shmall 'iss masther shate 'im in th' werk,—give 'im no shance to learn it all. So 'e say, 'By Gar, I won't shtay here phwin my time is up.'

"Wan day 'e luk out av the windy an' 'e see a copper-color man cumin' up th' sthreet an' a crowd follyin' 'im. 'E wint out wi' th' resht, an' 'e saw this big man have a sign across 'iss shoulders an' 'e read: 'Th' king av th' Easht have a daughther. Any man can bate th' king an' tellin' wunders can marry th' daughther. But firsh' 'e muss' jump wan av th' king's harses over a gate fifteen feet high, and shteel shpikes an' top av th' gate six feet more. Any man that fail loose 'iss head. Bafore th' king's castle iss a field av sixty acres planted wid sphears nine inches apart. An' each av th' sphears but three iss a head av a big, sthrong man that fail. Any man that want to thry, let 'im folly th' man wi' th' sign.

"Phwin th' tailor read, 'e say, 'I'm yer man, I'll go an' thry.' 'You?' say th' copper-color man, 'phy, th' king'll be ashamed to let yu thry, you're so shmall, you miserable craythur.' 'Wael,' say th' tailor, 'never min', I'll go wid yu.' 'Cum an, thin,' say the big man. 'E tuk 'im to a ship in th' harbor, an' they sail fur that counthry in th' Easht. An' th' way th' copper-color man tell th' tailor 'iss king



want to kill off all th' big men av other counthries, an' so 'e take this way to do it. All th' min that fail an' loose their heads, fail in th' jump av th' gate, an' get kilt on th' shteel shpikes. 'I think th' gate is exchanted, an' widout a sharm no wan can jump it.'

"Wael, at lasht they land in that counthry, an' th' little tailor frum Irelan' wass brought to th' kitchen av th' king's castle. 'Here,' say th' copper-color man, 'iss another cum afther the king's daughther. Luk at th' size av 'im.' Th' ould cook laff, but she say to herself, 'I like that little divil. I'll help 'im 'f I can.' Thin th' tailor wass brought afore th' ould queen an' her daughther. The queen say, 'Phwat yu poor little craythur! Yu thry fur my daughther! Besht go home agin fur yerself.' 'Beggin' yer majesty's pardon' say th' tailor, 'I'm here to thry.' Th' ould queen say to herself, 'I'm tired av all this killin'. He'll have th' sharm.' But th' daughther laff an' say, 'Phy, yu miserable little thing, I'd smother yu in th' breasht av my nightgown! But th' tailor shmile an' say, 'Shtill, me lady, I'll thry.'

"So they brought 'im back to th' kitchin wance more, but 'e wont ate nathin.' 'E wint to th' shtables an' see th' big harses. 'E wint to see th' gate wi' th' shpikes, an' 'e wint out an' luk at th' shpears an' shkulls. Th' sun wass low in th' wesht, an' shine an' 'em an' th' light almost blin' 'iss eyes. Way

down in th' far corner 'e see three 'impy shpears.

"Phwin 'e wint back to th' kitchen there wass two more min cum to thry for th' daughther. Big min, eight or nine feet tall. They wass atin' but the tailor ate nathin' an' wint early to shlope. In th' mornin' phwin 'e wass goin' out to th' thrial av th' jump wi' th' others. th' ould cook cum to 'im an' give 'im a little vile, an' say, 'Put that in yer pockit an' yu can jump th' gate. It's frum th' ould queen; th' king don't know av it nor do th' daughther.' 'E tuk it an' put it in 'iss pockit an' wint out wi' th' other two.

"Th' king wass up an a platform near th' gate wid a crowd aroun' 'im. 'Lave th' tailor 'till th' lasht, 'e say, 'Iss head'll luk well an th' lasht shpear.' Thin wan av th' big harses wass led out an' th' firsh't av th' big' min got an 'iss back an' made fur th' gate. Th' harse rise up an' clear th' gate but th' man can't kape 'iss sate, an' 'e fall an th' shpikes an' get kilt. Outside av th' gate a butcher take th' body, shop off 'iss head an' put it in a bilin' pot to soften th' flesh fur cleaning' th' shkull. Th' trunk wass dragged away an' give to th' dogs. Thin th' secon' big man thry th' jump an' loose 'iss head th' same way.

"'Now fur th' th' tailor,' say th' king an' they all laff. A third harse wass led out an' 'e wass so poor an' shieraggy 'e can hardly shtan'. Th' little tailor wass so shmall 'e have to be lifted an th' harse's

back, an' places made fur 'iss feet in th' stirrup shtrap. 'E wave 'iss han' to th' king, shlap 'iss harse an' th' nick an' go fur th' gate. An' by Gar, 'e jump it clear an' thin turn right aroun' an' jump it back agin. Th' king can hardly b'lieve 'iss eyes. An' 'e wass mad. 'Wait till t'morro,' 'e say, 'till I show yu my wunders, an' I'll have that head av yours jist th' same.'

"So th' tailor loaf aroun' th' castle that day, an' all but th' king make a grate dale av 'im. Evin th' daughtther begin to think well av 'im.

"Th' nex' mornin' th' king sind fur th' tailor an' take 'im aroun' to show 'im 'iss wonders. They wint by th' field av skulls an' th' tailor see two av th' shpears that was impty 'estherday, have grimmn' shkulls an' 'em now, an' wan impty wan wass left fur 'iss own head. Th' king take 'im firsht to 'iss bee hives. They cover fifty acres av lan' an' th' rows of hives wass four feet apart. Th' king led th' tailor thro' it all an' show 'im all th' min at wurk takin' care av th' beese, an' thin 'e say, 'There, did yu ever see th' bate av' that?' 'Yis', say th' tailor 'I have.' 'Phwere?' say th' king. 'Home in Irelan' say th' tailor. 'How it could be?' say th' king.

"'Wael,' say th' tailor, 'phwin I wass 'bout fourteen year I wass walkin' 'long th' counthry road wan day, phwin a man an' a harse came up to me. 'My b'y', 'e say, 'are yu any bit av a shcholar?' 'I am', I

say. 'Wael, 'e say, 'my stoord die 'estherday an' I have no wan to luk afther my beese. If you can do it yu can have th' place.' I say, 'I'll thry', an then 'e tuk me to 'iss dimain. 'Iss bee hives cower wan hunderd aeres an' th' rows av hives wass three feet apart. A fince fifty feet high wass aroun' it all wid wan gate, an' at six in th' mornin' all th' beese wint out, an' at six at night they all came back. I have to keep thrack av ev'ry wan av 'em in a buk' phwin they go out an' cum in, an' give my masther a report by a quarther pasht six ev'ry night. Av coorse it wass a bit av a job. It kilt th' stoord, but I shtan' it. Wan day they all go out in th' mornin' an' I sheck 'em all same's ev'ry day. 'Bout five o'clock in th' afthernoon they begin to cum back heavy wid huney. Fur an hour I shtan' an' sheck 'em phwin they cum in. At six they wass all in but th' king av th' beese. I put my han' in my poekit an' take out a four-lave shamroag an' put it in my left ear, an' thin bin' to th' groun' an' listen. An' I hear th' king twinty mile away shtuck in a bog wid a load av huney. I tuk my masther's harse an' a big rubber bag an' go fur 'im. Av coorse I ride hard 'cause I didn't have much time. But I wint th' twinty mile, an' got th' bee an' a hunderd poun' av huney, wan day's makin', an' wass back to my masther's wid my report at a quarther pasht six.

" 'Cum an yu miserable bit av a man' say th' king.

'T'll show yu somethin' yu can't bate.' An' 'e tuk th' tailor to 'iss cabbage garden. 'Twass a big garden, eighty acres maybe. Big min wass wurkin' cuttin' down big heads av cabbage. All over th' field wass big derricks fur liftin' th' heads, an' wagins wid four harses drawin' wan head at a time, fur 'iss army. An' th' min use hunderd poun' axes to shop down th' heads. An' th' heads grow so fasbt that if th' min don't be quick th' ax shtick in th' shtump av th' cabbage.

Here I ventured the remark that it was a wonderful cabbage garden, and without the faintest suspicion of a smile "the Reeler" replied, "Yis, it was; I wint thro' it phwin th' heads wass all cut down, an' I see some shtumps wi' three axes in 'em."

"An' thin," he continued, "phwin th' king show all this to th' tailor 'e say, 'There! Phwere did yu ever see th' bate av that?' 'At home in Irelan,' say th' tailor. 'How it can be?' say th' king.

"'Wael,' say th' tailor, 'phwin I wass a little b'y I wint ev'ry Sunday to church wid my mother. Wan Sunday 'bout church time a big bag av win' cum up in th' shky an' ev'ry wan run to th' church to be out av danger. But th' priesht say, 'This church aint safe. Go out to th' cabbage field back av th' church an' hide under wan av th' laves av a cabbage plant.' So they all wint out, an' ev'ry wan in th' town wint together an' hide their heads under wan lave,

Th' win' shtorm came an' blew down buildin's right an' left, but all th' people in th' town, three thousan' av 'em, wass save under wan lave av th' cabbage.

" 'Cum an', say th' king, 'I have wan more wunder to show yu. If yu bate that I'll give up.' An' 'e take 'im to 'iss bake house phwere 'e bake bread fur 'iss army. An' th' oven wass fifty feet wide an' two hunderd feet long, an' each bakin' make two hunderd loaves tin feet wide an' thick an' twinty feet long. An' 'e show 'im all 'iss min mixing dough, an' greasin' pans, an' tindin' ovens an' fires, an' 'e say 'I s'pose yu've seen th' bate av that?' 'I have' say th' tailor. 'An' in Irelan'?' say th' king. 'Yis,' say th' tailor. 'Tell me av it,' say th' king.

" 'Wael,' say th' tailor, 'wan fall in my part av th' counthry all th' signs show there iss to be a big drought. So all th' min fur miles an' miles aroun' have a meeting an' decide phwat to do. Up in th' mount'ins they build a dam atween two hills. I don't know how big a pon' it make but 'twass big enuff. Thin ev'ry man that own a cow bring it to th' pon' an' give three days milkin' to help fill it. An' by th' time 'twass full ev'rything wass dhry. A pipe wass laid from th' dam to th' valley. Phwhile th' dam wass buildin' two shteam ingines wass brought by harses av th' min in th' disbtrict. These use th' milk to make shteam an' begin to grin' th' whate an' rye av all th' farmers 'roun'. Th' min built a big

oven phwile th' dam wass bein' built an' th' pon' filled. 'Twass made in a side hill, an' th' oven part wass sevinty-five feet high an' wide, an' ha'f a mile long wid a doore at each end. Fire boxes wass made an' th' open side wi' doores ev'ry twinty feet. A big pan wass made frum all th' pans in th' dishtrict. 'Twass fifty feet wide, an' thirty-five feet deep an' a ha'f mile long. A hundred an' fifty min wass three weeks mixin' th' loaf, an' phwin it wass raise all th' harses they cud get wass a week draggin' it an' rollers into th' oven. Thin th' doores wass shut an' th' fires lighted, an' th' loaf wass wan week bakin'. Thin th' harses drag it to a saw mill close by, run by th' two ingines. Wan av 'em run th' saw big enuff to cut th' loaf in shlices, an' th' loaf wass fifty feet shquare. Th' other ingine run th' truck fur th' loaf. Each fam'ly cum ev'ry two weeks an' tuk wan shlice away in a two harse wagin. Phwin th' loaf wass ha'f gone, th' saw shtuck an' bint, an' out jump a bay harse wid phwite letters an' 'iss side that read 'You Lie'.

"The Reeler" paused a moment and then concluded, "Wael, he win th' daughther, an' I guess 'e's there yit."

## STRANGE BUT TRUE.

A few days later "the Reeler" was with me again. As usual he was in a communicative mood and I easily induced him to tell another story.

"Thim wonders th' tailor tol' th' king, I never saw," he remarked, "so av coorse I can't shwear to 'em. But I can tell yu av things I know av, 'cause I seen 'em. Phwin I wass a b'y I live phwere all these things happin."

I told him I would gladly listen and he began :

"Lord Dunavin wass lord av Roscarberry an' Bhaul na Hahn. An uncle av mine wurk under th' gard'ner av 'iss dimain. Th' lord wass a grate thraveler an' very fon' av wunders in gard'nin'. 'Iss head gard'ner wass wan that cum to wurk an' 'iss dimain phwin 'e wass a b'y, an' th' lord think a grate dale av 'im, an' iss willin' to thrust 'im wid anything. Wan fall Lord Dunavin wass in th' south av France visitin' a frien' av 'iss. They wass ha'f a dozin gintlemin there an' wan av 'em wass an English lord. Wan day th' man av th' place show 'em 'iss gardin, an' th' English lord say 'e have a gard'ner can bate any-



thing 'e see there or anything 'e ever see. This make Lord Dunavin mad an' 'e say, 'I have a gard'ner can bate yours an' I'll bet my wealth an' it.' 'I'll take yu an that', say th' English lord, an' thin they wint to a l'yer an' make out th' papers. Th' two gard'ners wass to know nathin' av th' wager, an' each lord hire a man to thravil wi' th' other an' see that 'e don't write anything home 'bout th' wager. Th' fruits wass to be brought to Lundun an' jedge by a comitee av a fair.

"Wael, th' lords se'prate an' thravil all th' winter, but airly in March th' Englishman bribe Lord Dunavin's watchman to let 'im write home. So 'e tell 'iss wife av 'iss wager. She tell th' gard'ner to grow some big wunder av 'iss fruits, an' thin she cross over to Irelan' an' go to Roscarberry an' see Lord Dunavin's gard'ner. An' she offer 'im a hat full av goold if 'e won't grow any big wunder fur 'iss mas-ther that Shpring. Yu see she furget that Lord Dunavin's gard'ner don't know av th' wager. So 'e sushpect, but 'e say 'I don't know phwat yer mane ma'am. Explain yerself.' 'Ax no questions'; she say, promise me yu'll make no gardin wunder an' I'll give th' goold.' But th' gard'ner take 'iss big hook knife an' 'e say, 'I'll draw this 'cross my nick afore I'll sell my Lord Dunavin. Clear out now or I'll have th' min drive yu.' So she lave affther doin' her lord more harm than good.

"Thin th' gard'ner think an' think but 'e can't see  
 phwat's up, but 'e make up 'iss min' 'e'll grow th'  
 biggist wunder 'e can. 'E make 'iss min clean out  
 an' ould lime kiln that wass built in a side hill.  
 'Twas wan hundred feet deep an' 'bout fifty feet  
 shquare. 'E fill this wi' th' besht sile 'e can get, an'  
 thin 'e shtudy 'iss books fur two or three days, an'  
 thin 'e decide 'e'll plant a phwite parshnip. Thin 'e  
 go to Dublin fur th' seed an' have to hunt a week  
 afore 'e can fin' phwat 'e want. Phwin 'e get home  
 'e soak th' seed in wan kin' av liquor an' another, an'  
 thin 'e plant it in th' ould kiln. An' 'e give all 'iss  
 time to it, an' 'e wather it an' doether it, an' it grow  
 ev'ry day bigger an' bigger an' 'iss care. 'E can't  
 tell how deep th' root go, but 'e know 'tiss a big wan  
 from th' size av th' laves. Thin phwin 'twass ready  
 to pull 'e get a lettther frum Lord Dunavin tellin' 'im  
 'im to bring th' biggest wunder 'e grow that season,  
 to th' fair in Lundun. By this time th' laves wass  
 'bout eighty feet high an' by diggin' they see th'  
 head av th' parshnip wass 'bout eighteen feet through.  
 Av coorse 'twass too big to pull so they take out  
 wan side av th' kiln an' shuvel away th' sile, an' they  
 see th' parshnip reach way down to th' bottom av th'  
 kiln an' twisht aff two or three feet phwin it can't  
 grow down any farther. Thin they rig up two big  
 derricks an' th' hill 'bove th' kiln an' wid wan they  
 lift th' parshnip out by th' head an' thin wi' th' other

they take hould av it by th' other ind an' lift it 'till it hang level in th' air. 'Thin they bringtin or 'levin big wagins an' fashen 'em all together an' thin they let th' parsnip down an th' wagins. It take twinty harses to draw it to a ship made ready in th' harbor, an' harses, wagins an' all go aboard. Phwin th' parshnip wass bring to Lundun 'twass shown at th' fair wid another parshnip av th' English lord. 'Iss wass a color wan, ha'f phwhite an' ha'f red, made by mixin' th' seed, but 'twass only tin feet long. So th' comitee give th' prize to Lord Dunavin 'an 'e beggar th' English lord. Phwin Lord Dunavin learn av th' attempt to buy 'iss gard'ner 'e reward 'im by givin' 'im ha'f phwat 'e win an' make a rich man av 'im.

Wael, this gard'ner have a sun, an' Lord Dunavin like 'im a grate dale 'cause 'e wass th' same age wid 'iss own sun that die phwin 'e wass a little b'y. Now phwin 'iss father have so much muney 'e edicate 'iss sun, an' make a gintleman av 'im. Phwin 'e ain't at shchool 'e spind mosht av 'iss time in th' hunt. Lord Dunavin in 'iss thravels pick up some fine breed av greyhound fur 'im. 'E bring home three av 'em an' give 'em to th' gard'ners sun. 'E wass please wid 'em an' th' firsht chance 'e get 'e take th' three av 'em out to hunt a fox. These dogs wass 'bout sevin or eight feet long an' five feet high. It take a shwift horse to keep up wi' th' dogs but 'e have wan can do it, a prisint from th' lord. Th' fox this day led 'em

through a buryin' groun' an' top av a hill that luk out over th' say. Th' win' here blow mosht always shtraight in frum th' say an' blow like th' divil. It blow so hard it blow down th' grave stones. So th' people put 'em up wi' th' edge toward th' win' an' shtill it blow 'em down it blow so hard. Thin th' people put taperin' edges an' 'em an' they stan'. Wael, th' fox led th' houn's through this buryin' groun' an' wan av 'em wass hot an' th' chase ladin' th' others, phwin 'e run agin th' edge av wan av th' shtones wid 'iss nose, an' by Gar, it cut 'im in two haifs to th' tail. Th' hunter jump frum 'iss harse an' phwile th' pieces wass warm 'e clap 'em together, but 'e wass excited an' 'e put th' head ind av wan haif wi' th' tail ind av th' other. 'E tie 'em wid a bit a shtring from 'iss pockits, an' by Gar, th' houn' go an' afther th' fox wid two legs up an' two legs down like th' shpokes av a phweel, an' in a minit 'e pass th' other two houn's an' take th' fox. Afther this th' name av th' 'rollin' houn' shpread all over, an' 'iss masther hunt wid 'im afore kings an' queens every-phwere. 'E keep 'im over a year 'till wan day in a hunt in th' Easht Indies 'e loose 'im in th' woods an' afore 'e can cum up to 'im a big lion ate 'im up. 'Iss masther kill th' lion, but th' 'rollin' houn' wass gone, an' 'e wint home to 'iss father to Roscarberry an' wud hardly shpake to anywan fur a munth 'e wass so sorry fur 'iss dog.

"Wael, afther a phwile 'e say, 'I guess I'll settle down fur myself.' So 'e tell 'iss father 'e want to shtart fur 'inself an a farm some place. 'Iss father give 'im muneey enuff an' soon 'e have a big dairy farm in th' nixt county. 'E take all 'iss own an' 'iss neighbors' butther to th' big market av Dublin fur betther prices. Afther a phwile 'e think av a big harse 'iss father have that 'u'd be jist phwat 'e want.

"This wass th' biggist harse I ever see. 'E weigh two tun an' a ha'f, an' 'e can pull five tun an a levil an' 'iss own weight agin a hill. 'E ask 'iss father fur 'im an' 'iss father say, 'Yis, yu can have 'im.' So 'e have a wagin made fit fur 'im an' 'e use 'im to carry th' butther to market. Th' harse wass shlow; 'e take three days an th' thrip, 'bout a hunderd an' fifteen or twinty mile in all, but th' masther like 'im.

"Th' masther have a habit av shtoppin' at ev'ry public house an th' way fur a drink av beer or a shigar, an' wan day in shport 'e offer th' ould harse a taste av beer frum 'iss mug, an' afther that th' harse 'u'd never go by a public house widout gettin' 'iss drink av beer.

"Wan night an 'iss way home frum Dublin th' masther shtop at a brew'ry 'bout ha'f way home to see a frien' that wass a boss there. 'E an' 'iss frien' get purty full together. All at wance th' man hear 'iss harse squalin' outside. 'Give 'im some beer,' 'e say, 'that's phwat 'e want. I'm full an' 'e'll have to

be. So they take out two five gallon tubs av beer an' th' harse drink 'em down, an' squaler fur more. 'Give 'im more,' say 'iss masther, an' they give 'im two more, an' thin 'e have enuff. 'Bout two hour affther th' man cum out wid 'iss lantern an' 'e fin' 'iss harse dead in th' road. It sober 'im quick, but 'twass no use. So 'e tell th' min to shkin 'im right there, an' thin bury 'im an' 'e take th' hide home an' have it shtuff fur reminbrince. So th' brew'ry min shkin th' ould harse an' lave th' body an a pile av washte malt to bury it in th' mornin'. Th' man hire two other harses at th' brew'ry an' reach home wi' th' hide th' nix' night 'bout twelve o'clock. 'Iss shtable man met 'im at th' gate an' say, 'Praise th' Lord, yer safe. I didn't know phwat happined to yu. There's th' devil's own sight in th' shtable. Th' ould harse cum home widout 'iss shkin.' Th' masther run to see an' sure enuff, there wass th' ould harse all in a shiver in 'iss shtall. 'Thin 'e wass only drunk,' say the masther. 'Hurry now an' wake all th' min, an' kill me twinty sheep an' bring th' shkins here so quick's you can.' An phwin they brought 'em, 'e tie 'em all an th' harse phwile they wass warm. An' 'e break in th' head av a keg av beer 'e bring frum th' brew'ry, an' give th' harse drink frum it. Fur three weeks 'e feed im so an th' beer, an by thin th' sheep shkins fashen an 'im an' th' wool begin to grow. An' affther a phwile 'e take 'im out an' feed

'im an th' grass, an' ev'ry wan fur mile an' mile aroun' cum to see th' big wunder. In 'bout two munth 'e have a shearer cum to shear th' ould harse 'cause th' wool iss so long 'e can hardly walk. Th' shearer wurk by th' day ; 'e get five hunderd poun' av wool th' firsh time. It grow fasther an' fasther 'till th' man have to build a big store-house fur it. Thin 'e think, 'I'll have a mill an' wave my own wool.' So 'e build a three set mill an' run it fur a phwile. But th' wool grow so fasht 'e can't kape up wid a three set mill, so 'e make it bigger, sevin set, an' that iss 'bout th' right size fur th' wool th' ould horse give."

Perhaps "the Reeler" saw signs of incredulity in my face, for he stopped talking for a little while, drew a deep breath and said, "'Tiss sixty year ago since I saw that harse an' mill. Th' man's sun iss runnin' it now. Only lasht fall 'e write to me an' say 'f I cum over 'e'll give me a job."

## THE MARVELS OF GOLDEN HILL.

"Afther I tol' yu that shtory 'estherday," said "the Reeler" next day, "I wass 'minded av a shtory I hear my father tell, 'cause some av it's 'bout a harse. If yu have time to listen I'll tell it."

"Wael," he resumed, after being assured that I had "all the time there was," "in th' wesht av Irelan' near phwere my father live phwin 'e wass a b'y, they wass a big farm or plantation called th' 'golden hill.' 'Twass called so 'cause 'twass so rich in sile an' in phwat grow there. Ev'rything wass big an' they wass lots av it. All th' pigs an' harses an' dunkeys that ever go asthray make fur th' 'golden hill.'

"Wan shpring a farmer a few miles from there have a colt 'bout a year ould shtray from 'im. 'E didn't luk fur 'im 'cause 'e know 'e will go to th' 'golden hill.' In th' fall 'e shtart out to luk fur 'im. Phwin 'e get to th' plantation 'e see a grate dale av min gettin' in th' crops, an' 'e ask 'em if they see or know av 'iss harse, but none av 'em can tell 'im. 'E walk an' through th' fields an' woods 'till 'e cum to phwere a crowd av min wass wurkin' wid derricks



loadin' pungkins an' teams an' carryin' 'em away. 'Twass a big field av 'bout fifty acres, an' wan pungk-kin wass a load fur a big, wide wagin wid eight phwheels an' four harses. Phwile th' farmer wass watchin' th' min wurkin', they put th' ropes 'roun' wan big pungk-kin, but phwin they lift th' rin' break through an' th' ropes close 'roun' th' body av a harse that wass inside. Th' min luk 'roun' an' they see a big hole wass ate out an' wan side, an' th' inside wass all gone, an' this harse make a reg'lar barn out av it. Thin th' farmer see 'tiss 'iss own harse, but so big 'e hardly know 'im.

'Phwin th' lord av th' 'golden hill' see th' harse 'e buy it av th' farmer an' keep it fur 'iss own. After 'bout a year a king frum th' far easht thravilin' through Irelan' hear av th' harse an' want to buy 'im. Th' lord say, 'I'll sell 'im to yu but I don't think yu can kape 'im. 'E aint so very big,—weigh 'bout a ton,—but 'e won shtay in any barn.' 'I'll take my shances,' say th' king, an' 'e buy 'im an' take 'im home. 'E have a barn made av shtone wid walls two feet thick, but th' firsh night th' harse wass put in it, 'e kick a hole in th' side av it an' get out an' run away. 'Bout day-break 'e cum to th' say, an' 'e jump in an' shwin all that day 'till 'bout four o'clock. Thin 'e cum to phwat 'e think is an' islan' floatin' in th' say. Phwin 'e climb an' it to resht 'e wass seen by a say captain, an' that's how 'twass

known phwat 'e done. But 'twass no islan', but a big sun fish shleepin'. 'E wake up phwin th' harse get an 'im, an shtart to shwin like th' devil an' don't shtop 'till 'e cum to th' wesht coast av Irelan'. Phwin th' harse see th' lan' 'e know it, an' 'e jump aff an' shwin ashore an' go back agin to th' 'golden hill.'

"They wass lots av wunders an that farm. Wance an a moonlight night th' stoord's sun see a meetin' av shnails in a mowin' lot 'bout a mile from th' castle. Th' devil knows phwere they all cum from. They cover all th' grass in th' lot, a shmall mowin' lot av 'bout thirty acres. They wass all sizes from th' littlest to thim big enuff to carry a good size b'y an their back. An' th' ould masther av 'em all, th' big shnapper shnail, wass so big 'iss horns wass 'bout sevin feet long. 'E wass so ould 'e can't climb, an' phwin 'e want to get an top av a big shtone in th' lot 'bout thirty feet high, th' resht av 'em pile up fur 'im an 'e crawl an their backs 'mosht a quarther av a mile. Phwin 'e get up there 'e make a speech to th' resht, an' thim 'e cum down th' same way. Av coorse, th' stoord's sun don't know phwat 'e say, but 'e see 'em all lave th' lot in threes an' affther that night three shnails always live in th' wan hole. Before that they nesht many's they like together. So they say th' ould shnapper shnail make a new law fur shnails that night.

“Th’ ‘golden hill’ have a piece av woodlan’ an’ it phwere great, big threes grow. They wass so big they cudn’t be handled by th’ lord’s min, ’an’ ’e have to luk ’roun’ for a g’int. ’E hear av wan that live near th’ ingle, th’ beach, av Inthry harbor. ’E go to see ’im an’ hire ’im to cum an’ wurk fur ’im shop-pin’ down an’ wurkin’ up ’iss big threes. That wass phwin my father wass a b’y an’ ’e tell me av this g’int. ’Iss mother wass Irish an’ ’iss father cum frum th’ shtock av th’ Danes, an’ way back wan av ’iss people wass a big g’int. Phwin ’e wass sevin year ’e wass sevin feet tall, an’ ’e an’ ’iss mother thravil over Irelan’ showin’ ’imself. ’E wass back home phwin th’ lord hear av ’im. ’E wass twenty-two year old an’ ’e have all ’iss growth, twinty feet tall. ’E weigh bout sevinteen hunderd poun’.

“Th’ lord av ‘golden hill’ fit ’im out wid boots an’ clothes made av shkins. Th’ besht av twelve ox hides wass in ’iss boots, an’ ’bout tin poun’ av nails. ’Bout a hunderd sheep shkins make ’iss coat an’ pants. ’Iss cap take two seal shkins. But th’ biggist job wass to make an ax shtrong enuff to hold together phwin ’e shwing it. Th’ blacksmiths wurk a week an’ th’ first wan. ’Twass three hunderd poun’ weight an’ fitted to a wooden handle. Th’ g’int take it down to th’ beach to thry th’ shwing av it. ’E wade out to ’iss hips an’ tell th’ people to keep away. Phwin ’e shwing it th’ handle break aff an’

th' blade go out to say an' shop aff th' mashts av a full rig ship. Th' lord av 'golden hill' have to pay th' damage, an' 'e have another ax made. This wan weigh five hundred poun' an' an iron handle put in it. But th' g'int break it th' same way phwin 'e shwing it, only this time th' blade shstrike th' side av a ship an' th' min an boord hardly have time to get away afore she sink. Th' lord have to pay th' damage agin an' thin 'e make another ax. This time 'twass sevin hunderd poun' in th' blade, an' a hunderd in th' iron handle. Phwin' twass made, a boat take 'im an' th' ax to an' islan' 'bout three mile out an' 'e thry th' shwing av th' ax there. An' it shitan' th' thrial all right. But phwin 'e shwing it 'roun' 'iss head it go so fasht that it make a reglar hurricame in th' harbor. Boats wass blown agin wan another an' smashed an' sunk, an' all th' say gulls fur five mile aroun' wass kilt by th' force av th' win'. Next day they wass all wash ashore an' ev'ry fam'ly in town get feathers enough fur a feather bed. My father get wan an' I shleep an it many a time.

"I cud tell you more av that g'int but I hear a phwistle blowin' an' I musht go to dinner."

And so "the Reeler" left me.



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